

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

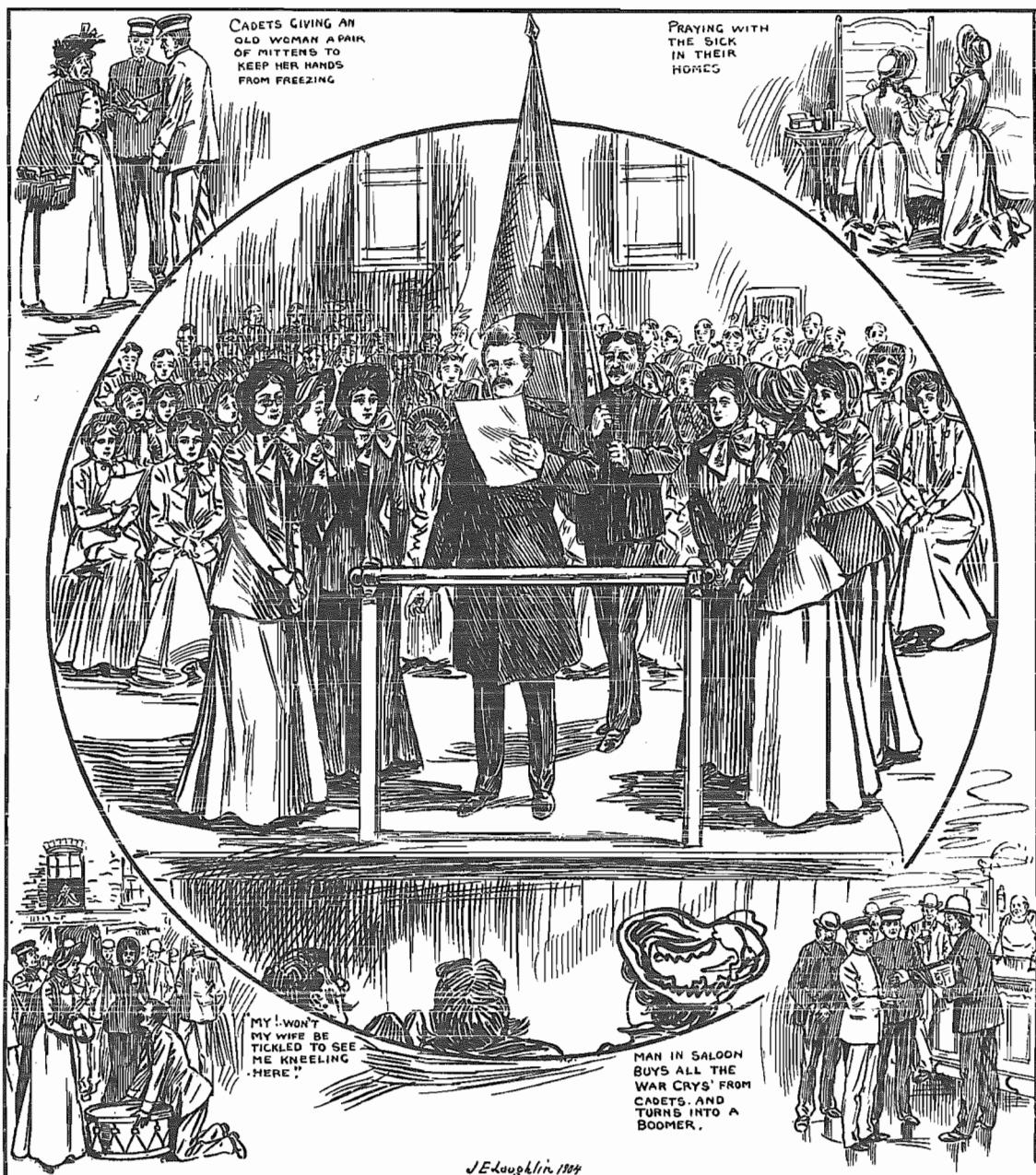
20th Year. No. 17.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



COMMISSIONING OF CADETS.

(See articles on pages 4 and 9).

THE CHRISTIAN'S BLESSED HOPE.

'Tis the voice of hope that whispers, "Look ahead!
Not toward the past, so cold and dead."
Sorrow's wound heals—with the passing years
Disappears.

Heart with sorrow laden, turn your eyes
To the future, and with sweet surprise
You will find your burden lighten day by day,
All the way.

Do we know that Jesus could have borne the
cross.

Had He fixed His eyes upon the loss?
But: He bore, with hope of setting sinners free.
Calvary.

And He bore it not in vain: and thou, sad soul,
When deep waves of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Hope that thou shalt win—and hope it not in
vain—

Joy for pain.

And though your grief be deep, and longer last,
Sweeter still the joy when grief is past.
Look ahead, till hope eternal in the skies
Greet your eyes.

—Elsie Graham.

Golden Grains from Many Minds.

Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.

A golden tongue is the mouth of the blessed.

Be silent, or say something better than silence.

After speech silence is the greatest power in
the world.

It is better to remain silent than to speak the
truth ill-humoredly, and so spoiling an excellent
dish by covering it with bad sauce.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are
moments when, whatever be the attitude of the
body, the soul is on its knees.

One who loves right cannot be indifferent to
wrong or wrong-doing. If he feels warmly he
will speak warmly out of the fulness of his
heart.

Life is sweet, and death is bitter; but the life
to come is more sweet, and the death to come is
more bitter.

All men have their frailties, and whoever
looks for a friend without imperfection will
never find what he seeks. We love ourselves
notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to
love our friends in a like manner.

The only cure for indolence is work: the only
cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure
for unbelief is to shake off theague of doubt by
doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity
is to plunge into some dreadful duty before
the chill comes on.

The more we look at the world with intelligent
and loving eyes, the more the world means to us. The more we look at each other's face
with intelligence and love, the more human beings
mean to us. The more we think of the fathomless depths and the lofty heights of being,
and of the Being that fills being and is the
source of it, the more it will mean to us.

A man is measured by his solitudes. He who
flies all moments of isolation is as conscious of
guilt as he who avoids all companionship is
palpably morbid. "I see sometimes," says
George Herbert, "to be alone." No flower
comes to its fulness of beauty or sweetness
wholly by sunshine or entirely by shade. "When
thou hast entered thy closet," says our Lord,
communion is possible and revelations will come.
The man who is afraid to meet himself is the
man for others to avoid.

We are hourly helping or harming our fel-
lows. We may not have a thought of one who
is near us. We may not say a word, or give a

look, kind or unkind, to him. Yet we may
cheer and help him, or sadden and dishearten
him, by our countenances as he looks at us, as
we look at him. No one of us stands or falls
to himself alone. Our influence is continuous.
There are those who are constantly helping
their fellows by their loving looks or words.
And there are those who are a constant cause
of depression, by not being thoughtful to do
this. What have you done for others in this
way to-day?

God in Nature.

To look for indications of the divine solely
in the monstrous and miraculous implies our
failure to see them in the normal and orderly
features of nature; so that the attempt to prove
the presence of God in nature only by manifesta-
tions of the supernatural is a paradox—it is
equivalent to a tacit admission that He is not
revealed in the natural. The really great proof
of the activity of God in the physical world is
not in the rare exhibition of stupendous power,
or the occasional occurrence of striking instances
of intelligence, but in the manifestation of every
action of force, and every form of order, and
every movement of life—in the very existence
of force and order of life, which are utterly in-
explicable in themselves, and drive us back on
the assumption of a mind and will lying behind
all the moving panorama of phenomena.—W. F.
Adeney.

The Saloon.

THREE QUESTIONS.

The saloon is an evil, whether brilliantly
lighted, under fixed laws, or run as an ordinary
blind. It has been the curse of every country
and community, wherever established. Its
vicinity is a hell on earth, in which one can find
the gambler, the thief, the prostitute, the ruined
young manhood, the broken-hearted wife, the
assassin with his victim, and the corrupt politi-
cian.

Must we license such dens to support public
institutions?

Must we tolerate a gilded whiskey palace on
every corner of our peaceful towns, that its
illegitimate revenue may line the pockets of
politicians and ambitious office-seekers?

Must we sacrifice public morality, the integrity
of our sons, and purity of our daughters, to
sustain public institutions that, since the early
days of Canada, have not advanced, even com-
paratively, with our industrial growth?—Henry
Dorman.

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

SOUTH AMERICA.—(Continued.)

During my visit to Santa Fe, the Ensign
related that, a few weeks before, a woman had
called at the quarters and asked him to visit
her husband, who was lying very ill with con-
sumption. She stated that she and he were
converts of the Army three years ago. The
Ensign lost no time in going to the man, and
found him rejoicing in the Lord. Praise His
name! It transpired that both man and wife
came to the penitent form in that town, three
years before, and immediately, after went to
work in the country without leaving any address.
Now the man had come back into town to die.
By his side was lying the Salvation Army Song
Book and the Testament which was given him
at the time of his conversion. He had read and
treasured them, and now they were his comfort
when dying. He was regularly visited while he
lived. At the end, he called his wife to his side,
and said, "I go to-morrow, and I am all right.
When I am gone, you send and inform the
Ensign, and everything he tells you to do, do,
I leave myself" (meaning his body) "in his
hands." There was a reason for giving this
instruction, for he had already had experiences
which convinced him of what his neighbors and
relatives purposed doing if they could get the
chance. Next day he called for his New Testa-
ment, and commenced to read, with his faltering
voice, loud enough to be heard by the gossiping
neighbors in the *conventillo* (a sort of court).

They were angry, and reprobated him,
allowing her husband to have in his hands, in
the hour of his death, that *libro del diablo* (devil's book); but she, of course, left him in
peace with his precious Testament, until, shortly
after, she took it from his grasp, to fold his
arms over his lifeless breast and close his eyes.

The Ensign conducted the funeral, after much
wrangling with a bully in the *conventillo*, who
purported to be a relative of the deceased man,
and tried to create difficulty. The same fellow
made a subscription among the neighbors "to
help pay the funeral expenses," and the day
following held a dance with the money, leaving
the poor widow and the Salvation Army to
meet the undertaker's bill.

♦ ♦ ♦

Entire Rios, which we reach by boat from
Santa Fe, is known as "The Dark Province."
I don't know why it should be so. To us Sal-
vationists it is the same as other Provinces;
they are all dark enough in spiritual matters.
True, there are many who have received and live
in the enjoyment of the light of the true Gospel,
but they are as a mere handful of the four mil-
lions of souls in fair Argentina. The Army has
pushed into the dark Province at several points,
both from the Uruguay and Parana River coasts,
and, in consequence, some Salvation Outposts
have been established. It is my purpose to take
my readers for an imaginative visit to a couple
of these outposts.

We start from the Provincial capital, Parana
—a fine town—and after six or seven hours
railway journey through magnificent agricultural
country, where are settled very many colonists
of Russian, German, and other nationalities, we
arrive at our first stopping-place. A tall
Entreriano, clad in flaming red jersey and
bombachas (very wide trousers), whose coffee-
colored features, straight jet-black hair, and
splendid physique, mark him out as being but a
few generations removed from the original Indians,
greets us with a broad smile as we alight
from the train, and, snatching our baggage,
escorts us to his *wagon* and four-a-breast,
standing a fat pedes away. Less than an hour's
jerking, jolting drive, lands us in front of a typical
South American "rancho," into which we are
shown with a great deal of native ceremonial.
The best room in the low thatched house is profusely decorated with flowers and
Salvation Army emblems, and is, we are in-
formed, specially set apart to serve the purpose
of meeting hall and private quarters for the
visiting officers. Our host and outpost leader,
the *Entreriano*, was formerly a sergeant in the
national army, now he is a *chacero*. Eighteen
months ago he was known in the district as a
man of ill-repute, but an old companion of his
—another case of from penitent form to "the
lost" country—met the Army in the capital, and
was led to the cross. He returned home and
told our *Entreriano* all about his new-found joy,
and as much as he knew of this "new Army."

From a sick bed the *Entreriano* wrote to
Headquarters: "I want to know what the
Army is, and how I can get converted. I
would like to belong to you. Write to me, and
send me the *Grito de Guerra*." Of course
Headquarters replied, and tried to point him to
Christ. Soon after, he attended the nearest
outpost meeting and got converted. Then he
set to work to get his family saved. First the
two daughters and then the wife surrendered.
They are all Salvationists now; and the *Entreriano*
has opened an outpost on his rancho,
where the neighbors for miles around periodically
assemble for meetings; his brother and
sister-in-law are amongst the most recent con-
verts, and a Turk, who, tired of peddling, has
settled down to work on the land. This Turk
is a very sincere fellow, and gives promise of
making a proper Salvationist.

We held two meetings at this outpost—one
at night, the other before 8 a.m. next day—attended
by French, Italian, and *Entreriano* Col-
onists, some coming long distances on horseback
to be present, sabots and all, who had recently
arrived from Europe to join his relatives here.
"Oui, oui, we have seen these people in our
country!" he remarked. Nevertheless, what he
and his wife could not understand was that we
had "no Saints to pray to."

(To be continued.)



INTRODUCTION.

COLD east wind was blowing, and a drizzling rain which had commenced to fall added a still more dismal appearance to the sombre look of the city's streets in the grey dawn of the winter's morning. Some of the usual bustle and noise that marked the awakening of the city's millions was absent, it being Sunday, and the great mass of working people were enjoying a few hours' extra slumber.

The poor tramp, who had just crept out from his temporary shelter in the many and various nooks resorted to by the homeless, looked longingly at the closed saloons, whose warmth had been acceptable during the winter days.

Passing down the street of a rough neighborhood, a hurrying Salvationist, on his way to kneedrill, was startled by the sight of a large pool of blood on the top step of a saloon entrance, another pool on the next step lower, and still another on the lowest. Then more blood on the sidewalk, and gruesome splashes for some distance, then the gory trail crossed the road and continued on the opposite sidewalk until it took a turn, and terminated in a large building bearing the sign, "Police Station." Was it a murder, or a drunken brawl? Ugh! how terrible it looked, this track of blood, linking the scene of man's sin and debauchery with the relentless lash of the law. How awful to contemplate the fearful havoc wrought by

THE JUGGERNAUT OF DRINK.

One can scarcely imagine the fearful destruction of souls and bodies that goes on in that great metropolis through the power of this arch enemy of the human race.

Britishers stand aghast at stories of misguided natives of heathen India flinging their children, and sometimes their own bodies, beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut Car as a sacrifice to the deity, and yet, with callous indifference, look on while this hell-lit car of drink is driven ruthlessly over the happy homes and the moral nature of the stalwart sons and fair daughters of our Empire. Driven by the arch fiend of hell, and guided by the reins of law and license, drawn by the black horses of greed and passion, this Juggernaut Car sweeps on, crushing the love from human hearts, until with liquorified brain, the hind that should protect is lifted to strike down the suffering wife, and the mother flings aside her offspring to be trampled down into the black mud of crime and sin. On, on, hurling the sweet maiden into the awful torrent of unchastity and the young man to a felon's cell. On, still on, with grinding, thunderous wheels, flinging vast multitudes into countless prisons, lunatic asylums, and poorhouses; trampling, crushing, until the blood of myriads of victims flows like a mighty stream, and the awful splash of hoofs and wheels mingles with the shrieks and cries of ruined souls, as they are swept into the maelstrom of despair, only to be hurled over the falls of judgment into the fiery lake of eternal perdition, while the bitter wails from broken hearts cry to the forgotten, insulted God of pity. "O Lord, how long, how long!"

* * *

Chapter I.—THE FIRST WRONG STEP.

STEELTON was looking brighter than usual in the warm sunshine of a May morning. The ceaseless throb of its numerous factories, where thousands of busy workers earned their bread, was hushed, and the smoke floated slowly from the forest of chimneys which on workdays belched forth such dense black vapors that oftentimes obscured the sun, and caused the dingy-looking buildings to assume a deeper shade.

down, down—unable to free himself from their awful toils.

* * *

Chapter II.—THE FIRST GLASS.

NINE years have passed away. Lucy has blossomed into a graceful woman, while Freddie, now a sturdy schoolboy of seven, makes the house ring with his boisterous fun and laughter; meanwhile Willie has grown up into a fine-looking young man of twenty. His progress at the steel works has been rapid, his natural aptitude for learning, combined with the enthusiasm of his temperament and love for the work he had been apprenticed to, enabled him to take his place with credit amongst the machinists engaged there. He was a favorite with masters and men alike, generous and good-natured, albeit always up to mischief, and ready to play a joke on any of them. The older men smiled indulgently, and excused him by saying it was only the effervescence of youthful spirits, and he would settle down as he grew older.

Time had made little difference to Mr. Armstrong's appearance, although a troubled shadow crept across his face occasionally as he thought of Willie, and noted how indifferent he was becoming in his church attendance. His place in the family pew was empty more frequently, and the fond parents were deeply wounded that he was rarely present at family worship, a tremulous quiver creeping into their voices as they prayed earnestly that God would influence the heart of their boy for good, and guide his feet into the right way.

Mrs. Armstrong grew more and more anxious as the weeks went by and she noted how care-

The church-bells rang a joyous peal, as if endeavoring to chord with the skylark's song, and added to the harmony of smiling nature, while here and there in the cottage gardens of suburban homes spring flowers lifted their heads to be kissed by the sun's rays, and sent forth their aromatic sweetness, as if in gratitude that the long winter was passed.

Among the stream of church-goers who answered the summons to worship was the Armstrongs—father, mother, a daughter of sixteen, a bright blue-eyed lad of fourteen, and baby Freddie, the rosily-cheeked pet of the family, one year old. The parents were staunch, God-fearing Methodists as their parents were before them, and sought to bring their children up in the right way.

Mr. Armstrong was a class-leader, and much beloved by the members of his class and valued by his pastor as an earnest, zealous worker in the church. Lucy, his first-born, caused him no anxiety—she was a gentle, devoted girl, who inherited much of her mother's sweetness of



"The church-bells rang a joyous peal."

disposition; but many were the anxious fears that rose in the father's heart about Willie, whose daring, mischief-loving spirit and impulsive temperament made him an easy prey for wrong influences—not that he was naturally a bad boy, for he was frank and generous, but wilful.

On his way to Sunday School that afternoon Willie met two boys—rough, evil-speaking boys whom he had been warned by his parents to keep away from.

"Hello, Armstrong," cried one of them, "going to Sunday School, are you? Come for a walk—we are going birds'-nesting."

Willie excused himself by saying his father would be angry if he did. The tempters laughed in derision, and declared their old governors knew better than meddle with them. A little more of this chaff induced Willie to yield, and soon the three were hurrying by the bank of the river on their way to the woods.

Willie did not enjoy the sport much, but felt very restless and uneasy, although he appeared big he talked and laughed a great deal. Little did he dream where that forbidden path would lead him, and what would be the outcome; nor did he think the road would get more difficult, and that the chains of the enemy would bind him so tight that he would later on be dragged

less he was becoming. Night after night she had sat up late for him, after the others had retired, and tenderly warned him of the danger of his association with the gay, worldly men, whose hot tears that wet her pillow as she lay awake, too worried to sleep, pondering over her son's increasing wildness.

Willie loved his mother, and was deeply touched by her anxious remonstrances. He strove to allay her fears, oftentimes saying: "Never mind, little mother"—using the endearing style he had of addressing her—"I shall be all right; don't worry about me," and for a little time he would come home earlier, and accompany his parents to church on Sunday, but it never lasted long; a week or two would find him again amongst his companions.

With all his faults, Willie Armstrong had a great respect for his parents, and although he had of late frequented the billiard room of the hotels, yet he had never yielded to the temptation of his companions to drink with them. However, slowly and surely the tempter's coil was tightening, and like the senseless moth flies round and round the flame until at last it is caught and slain, so William Armstrong was drawn nearer the fiery flames of intemperance.

One night his base associates determined to

should drink, and during a lull in the game, Dick Brooks said:

"Now, boys, I will stand treat," and ordered the waiter to bring in a glass of liquor for each.

"Come on, Armstrong," said Dick, "have a glass, it won't hurt you—just one."

"He daren't," sneered Will Thompson, a dudish young sport, "he's afraid of his sanctimonious father."

Will jumped up and faced his tormentor threateningly. "You shut up, Thompson, or it will be the worse for you."

"Come, don't quarrel, chaps," said Brooks.

"Now, Armstrong, be a man, and drink."

Goaded by their taunts, Willie at last grasped the glass and drained off the fiery liquid. His usually-bright eyes became brighter, and being unaccustomed to spirits, it flew to his head, he became talkative and boastful! Urged by his wily companions he drank another glass, then another, until gesticulating wildly and shouting uproariously, he wanted to fight, and they decided to take him home.

Meanwhile in the Armstrong's home the father and mother sat with troubled looks, talking over their boy's waywardness. It had been prayer meeting night, and the parents had been

home for some time. Even the preciousness of the sweet hour of prayer had not eliminated the depression that rested on their spirits, and since their return it seemed to come back with greater force.

Mrs. Armstrong anxiously glanced up as the old clock chimed eleven. "I wish Will—"

She did not finish the sentence. A loud noise at the door caused both of the parents to start to their feet, and ere they reached it the door was flung open. Willie, whooping, cursing, and hiccoughing, stumbled in, while his companions, with a guffaw of derision, staggered down the street, scarcely less intoxicated. With an agonized cry, the poor mother hurried to where he lay, too helpless to rise.

"O Willie, Willie!" wailed the poor mother, "has it come to this?"

"Hic—hic—never mind—hic—little mother, I'll be—hic—better soon," he replied, in the thick mauldin voice of the drunkard.

With great difficulty the broken-hearted parents got him up to his room, where they left him to sleep off the effects of his first drunken debauch, while they retired to their room to pass a night of agony, weeping, and prayer.

(To be continued.)

mission among the Chinese with very gratifying results. The prayers and sympathies of the Cadets at the time when this girl-soldier had been taken to an eternal reward were, to say the least, timely and very much appreciated by the aged couple who, between sobs, uttered their words of thankfulness.

"I got a call," states a Cadet, "to visit a poor family on S— Street. I hastened away and soon found myself before a wretched house. The interior was as unseemly as the exterior. There were inside three ill-clad children, a deaf and dumb man, and his wife, who was very ill. The poor woman evidently could not appear on account of not having decent clothing with which to clothe herself. I learned, however, that she had been the sole support of the family for some time, but having to go to the hospital to undergo an operation, she could do no more. I called and asked her if she was in need, and with a faltering voice the poor woman assured me that she was. 'Do you want food?' I inquired. 'We haven't a bite in the house,' she replied. I had gone quite a distance when my steps were providentially directed to the house of an old lady who provided me with funds to relieve the family's distress. These poor folks also came in for a good large basket of food on Christmas Day."

A door opened and a voice cried out, "Say, come here." The Cadet accosted made his way across the road to the man who now filled the doorway. "I want you to do some praying for me," the man said as soon as the lad had taken a seat inside the house. "Are you in trouble?" the Cadet anxiously inquired. "No," came the reply. "Are you sick?" "No," he tersely answered. For quite a long time the Cadet sat without being able to get another word from this strange individual, when the man said at length, "I think God has been treating me unjustly. I was baptised with water in June, 1903, and up to the present moment I have not experienced any change." The Cadet pointed out the way of salvation, and soon the distressed brother was leaping for joy.

Not less praiseworthy were the efforts of a couple of Cadets who saved a poor drunkard from the arms of a policeman. It was a wet and slushy day, and the poor inebriate had fallen again and again on the pavement and the road, until his clothes were saturated with water and mud. As the Cadets approached this wretched piece of humanity a kindly disposed citizen was giving a helping hand. He had scarcely assisted the drunkard to his feet when he fell to the

REDEEMING THE TIME.

A Collection of Interesting Items, Showing How the Cadets of the Territorial Training College Spend Their Spare Moments.

The closing of the third session of the Territorial Training Home places within our grasp a suitable moment to give, in as brief a manner as possible, some of the interesting experiences of the Cadets while in the Queen City.

Studies sufficient, truly, have been crowded into their five months' stay to leave them little leisure, but having consecrated their lives to spend and be spent in the interests of the Kingdom, they have found pleasure and much satisfaction in giving their half-hours and hours of recreation to visitation, the conducting of meetings, and War Cry selling. And not without precious results, as we shall see.

It is only a short time since two Cadets knelt and prayed with a man who called at the Territorial Training Home, and who, after a desperate tussle with the devil, surrendered himself to God. The furnace-room was a right place to destroy his idols—two pipes and a plug of tobacco, which at length rendered useful service in the fire of the furnace.

To be ordered out of the saloons by drunken frequenters is by no means an odd experience, though in many cases the Cadets find proprietors and bar-tenders warm-hearted friends. But, as intimated, they are not always received kindly. The devil in his roughness sometimes oversteps his mark, as will be gathered from the following incident. A saloon-keeper was very angry a short time ago with what he considered impudence on the part of two Cadets who entered his saloon. He, therefore, in a burly and uncouth manner, ordered them out. A man who was drinking at the bar took exception to the conduct of the drink-seller and declared then and there he would have done with intoxicating drink, and promised the Cadets faithfully he would give himself to Christ.

On another occasion two Cadets entered a saloon where they found a backslider, who had that very day started on a career of sin. When spoken to by the Cadets his heart was melted, and he retired to his room in the hotel, there got soundly converted, and promised to return to his home the following morning, from which he had run away.

Not less pleasing was the case of a poor drunkard who was accosted by a couple of Cadets and bombarded about his soul on the street, there induced, by the help of Christ, to lead a new life. A few hours later, at the Training College, he sought those two lads who had dealt faithfully with him about his soul. On his arrival at the College he was conducted to a popular rendezvous of the students—the trunk-room. There he was faithfully dealt with, and in a short time, before a huge box belonging to one of the Cadets, asked God to

save him. Thus the poor, faltering drunkard had the chains of sin broken.

Don't think, dear reader, preaching salvation in the haunts of vice is the easiest matter in the world. If you get on the devil's own ground and begin to wage a war against sin, you can expect a battle in earnest.

"I don't want any of your music," said a polished (?) proprietor of one of our hotels in Toronto to a Cadet who ventured to speak a few words to him about his soul. Not satisfied with using the slang phrase, he ended by using an indecent oath. But the Cadet fearlessly stood his ground and did not retire until he had delivered his soul, returning some days after to see if a change had been wrought for the better in the heart of the proprietor.

One night two Cadets called to see a poor, miserable backslider at his home. Their mission was not altogether successful as far as the man was concerned, but by the aid of the Holy Spirit they managed to lead into light and liberty the backslider's wife before they left the house.

There are many folks who think War Cry selling objectionable. Not so; we could fill pages of the Cry with incidents of the good which has been accomplished by this means alone. Some people certainly could not well have been reached if the selling of the War Cry had not at least formed an excuse for coming in personal contact with them. Calling at a home one day with War Crys, the Cadets were informed that a neighbor two doors down had lost a daughter, and that if they called they might be made of some comfort. They needed no persuasion, and presently found themselves in the grief-stricken home rendering what solace they could. This household, perhaps has not been publicly heard of before—they belong to no particular denomination, yet everything indicated they were true followers of Christ. The deceased daughter had been an angel of mercy for years to the poorest and lowest in Toronto, and had carried on a



The lady had considerable difficulty keeping her hat on, and two Cadets do the gallant.

pavement once more. The two Cadets happily came to the rescue, once more placed him upright, found out his address, and between them carried him to his home, to be thanked by his wife and family while tears coursed down their faces.

Not so very long ago a couple of Cadets had a more trying experience than the one we have related. Calling at a door one day they found the lady of the house in great distress through an unwelcome visitor inside. The woman, it appears, had been found on the doorstep, and, according to the lady of the house was now inside "acting in a very strange manner. I wish you would come in and see her." "All right," replied the Cadet, and forthwith made his way into the house. "I see you are mistaken, madam," the Cadet observed when he had surveyed the stranger, "that woman is drunk." It now became the Cadet's duty to free the lady of the house, in some way, from the intruder, seeing the former was on the borderland of hysteria. This was no easy task. The drunken woman was very mirthful, and uttered such funny sayings as to nearly upset any severity of tone the occasion demanded on the part of the Cadet. "Now, do be grammatical," she would say, after every sentence. "Why don't you talk correctly?" After a time the woman was induced to leave the house, when she declared she had been robbed of fourteen dollars, and made a great commotion on the street, which made the lady inside wring her hands in the greatest agitation. Then her flimsy hat fell off, and the Cadet, though by no means an expert at pinning on feminine headgear, performed the part of lady's-maid on the public thoroughfare, and endeavored to assist the drunken woman to her home. "Do be respectable," she would keep on saying. "Now, you want to be very careful. I want to be respectable—do nothing to disgrace me. We have no truck with the Army, we like to be respectable." Her home was reached at last, after many an experience, not without, as one might be sure, a sigh of relief on the part of the Cadet. The poor, deluded creature was a laundress, and while out shopping had got drunk!

Another day two Cadets found a very old woman sheltering herself behind a wall from a chilly wind, crying bitterly. Her hands were blue with cold. A Cadet hastened to purchase a pair of mittens, and thus made the old lady extremely happy. This elderly woman was afterwards looked after and visited in her home.

It must not be supposed, by the experiences of the Cadets we have related, that the proprietors of hotels always treat them unkindly. By no means is this the rule, rather the exception. A Cadet was being abused one day by a burly individual when the bar-tender interfered and informed the adversary of the Cadets that if he did not desist he would have to leave the saloon, as no such conduct as that was permitted in his bar-room. Very often the Cadets are made very welcome. On one occasion a Cadet sold all the War Crys he had left to a man in the bar-room. Two other boomers, going in a few seconds afterwards, found the biter had turned into a War Cry seller, and was pressing them into the hands of his comrades.

The success of all the special meetings in connection with the Training College is due largely to the efforts of the Cadets in advertising the same, and selling the tickets. A Cadet had recently rather an unique experience. He called at a boarding-house, where he was very kindly spoken to by the lady who opened the door. On learning his mission she urged him to come back at an appointed hour, when the guests would be at home. Needless to say, the

Cadet kept the appointment, and was ushered into a room full of guests, much to the dismay of a crabbed dame, who wanted nothing to do with the Army, and make a few abusive remarks, although she claimed to be a Christian. Happily, among the group who sat at a well-filled table, appeared a champion for the Army, whose stock of interesting incidents connected with the work of the S. A. seemed to have no limit. He turned the current of feeling in the favor of the Cadet, who sold three or four tickets, and concluded the discussion of Army affairs with a knee-drill.

It is a customary thing for requests to come to the Training Home for the Cadets, both girls and boys, to go and pray with the sick and dying, or to render aid in other directions. While out visiting one day, a couple of lassie-Cadets came to a house where an old lady occupied a room. When the Cadets came to the door the old lady greeted them with, "Oh, I am so glad you have come. I have been praying to the Lord to send somebody, and you are just the two girls. I wanted someone to help me move a trunk." Of course the lassie-Cadets were willing to do anything to assist the lone old lady. The room was very poorly furnished, and the trunk, with a newspaper spread over the top, served as a table. This was by no means the only service the girl-Cadets were able to render. They generally tidied things for the poor old woman, and left her much happier



Two Cadets carrying a basket of coal to a poor old woman.

and more comfortable after a lengthened stay. An open-air meeting was being conducted by the Cadets. The service was sufficiently impressive to induce a man to step from the sidewalk into the ring and ask the Cadets to pray for him. This they of course did, while he knelt at the drumhead and cried to God for pardon. It appears the penitent was near his own home, and while the Cadets dealt with him he said, "My, won't my wife be tickled to see me kneeling here." Truly she was as she beheld him on his knees from the upper window of their house close by.

We will conclude by giving an experience of lassie-Cadet, who was out War Cry selling. A man on the street asked her to give him one, as he had not the money to pay for one. "All right," replied the Cadet, and handed him the paper. She had scarcely gone a few steps when a gentleman handed her for a Cry nearly three times the price of the same; but the greatest joy of all was the blessed privilege the Cadet had some hours later, in the night's meeting, of pointing this poor sinner to Christ. Through reading the War Cry he claimed to have been brought to God.

We have put on record some of the extraordinary experiences of the Cadets while in training at the Territorial Training Home, showing that even the moments when they should have been taking recreation have not been wasted.

Officers' Gallery.

Captain Maud Trafton

Capt. Maud Trafton, was born at Partridge Island, St. John, N.B., where her Loyalist ancestors lived in the early days of the city. Her father still lives at St. John, being a retired sea captain. About two years ago it was her sad duty to minister to her mother during her illness and death.

The Captain, in her girlhood days, attended the Baptist Sunday School, and later on the Baptist Church. When fourteen years old she became fond of dancing and reading light literature, her only thought being to seek the greatest amount of pleasure from this world's amusements. At this time there came before her a copy of *All the World*, the Army's international magazine, which explained to her many things of the work of the Army. A year later she went to Fairville and attended two meetings of the Army, but the noise and clatter of the Army people was somewhat amusing, if not disgusting to her. Two weeks later she thought she would again attend the meeting, and see if she could learn more of their work and ways, but only found the same result as her first experience. However, she left the meeting not feeling satisfied with the life she was leading, and while reading her Bible at home, was convinced that her life was not what her Saviour would wish it. She went to her room and knelt and cried, and after spending some hours in prayer, she rose to her feet feeling the assurance of a thorough, true salvation.

She felt now that, while she had a full salvation, there was something more to do. She went to the S. A. barracks, where she found Capt. Georgie Allan, at Fairville, and offered herself as a member of the corps, was accepted, and three months later was enrolled as a soldier.

She served that corps for nine months. At the end of that time she found herself a back-slid, remaining such for about eighteen months, during which time she was never satisfied or happy. About this time the corps held a Thanksgiving service, at the close of which she fell at the feet of the Crucified One, and being restored became once more a soldier.

Shortly after returning to the Army she felt that she should offer herself for the work, but tried to fight away the promptings of the Spirit for two years. The strivings became so intense that at last she was compelled to send in her application to Headquarters in St. John, then under command of Brigadier Scott. She was accepted, without going through the Training Home.

Her first appointment as an officer was Charlottetown, P.E.I., where she acted as Cadet, under Mrs. Major Jewer. She remained there four weeks. From there she went to Windsor, N.S., and labored five weeks; thence to Bridgewater and Sydney, at the latter place with Capt. Fanny Clark. From Sydney she went home for seven months, on account of the illness of her mother. Pugwash, N.S., was her next corps, where she was promoted to Lieutenant. She remained in Pugwash four months, and then was sent to Stellarton for six weeks, then to Westville for nine months, and from there to Summerside, P.E.I., where she remained only six weeks, when, owing to ill-health, she had to return home for eleven months. Health again returning, her next charge was Freeport, N.S., then to Digby, again to Summerside, where she acted as Lieutenant in charge for two months, and was promoted to Captain. She remained ten months in that town, where her work was much blessed. Her next stations were Sussex, N.B., Westville, N.S., St. John V., and Halifax V., where she is at present doing valiant work for the Master in the Army.—F. W. Wallace.

THE SOLDIERS' SECTION

Our Sacred Charter.

IV.—THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.

13.—THE BOOK OF OBADIAH.

This, the shortest of the prophetical writings, consisting of only twenty-one verses, has an importance out of all proportion to its length, because of the literary and other questions it raises, and the diversity of opinion which still prevails as to the *unity* and the *date* of the book, and the historical allusions it contains.

In the Hebrew Bible the book of Obadiah stands fourth among the twelve Minor Prophets, between Amos and Jonah.

Obadiah, it has been conjectured, prophesied before the destruction of Jerusalem (B.C. 588) and the conquest of Edom (583). As Nahum had foretold the downfall of Assyria, and Habakkuk that of Chaldea, so Obadiah predicts that of the implacable foe of Israel, Edom, warning the Edomites not to rejoice in the day of their brother's calamity. He foretells the utter annihilation of Edom and contrasts it with the future restoration of Israel, which should also possess the land of Edom and Philistia, and enjoy the promises of her offspring, the Messiah.

The Edomites fancied themselves secure in the fastnesses of their rocks (v. 3). The spoiler should utterly destroy them (v. 4-16). The chastisement inflicted on the Jews should be but temporary; and, after their return from captivity they should possess Edom and Philistia, and at length rejoice in the glorious reign of the Messiah (17-21).

Notes on Genesis.

Chapter XLI.

PHARAOH'S DREAMS.

Two years have passed by since Joseph had interpreted the dreams of the butler. The latter had not remembered the one who had benefitted him, as he had promised. Still, Joseph had found favor with the jailor, and was entrusted with responsible duties, which he performed faithfully.

Undoubtedly good reports had reached Pharaoh from time to time concerning Joseph's work and character. Thus, when "his spirit was troubled" by the dreams he had had, and which the court magicians could not interpret, hearing the butler's report, he sends for the Hebrew prisoner.

Joseph's faith at once manifests itself in the reply he makes to Pharaoh—"It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." In his reply he points out the divine and supernatural aspect of the dreams, and takes no glory to himself.

Having interpreted the dream, showing the seven years of plenty, followed by seven years of famine, Joseph passes from the interpreter to the adviser. He is quite himself at this critical moment, and his presence does not fail him. "The openness of heart and readiness of speech for which he was early distinguished, now stand him in good stead. His thorough, self-command rises from spontaneously throwing himself with all his heart into the great national emergency which is before his mind. And his native simplicity, practical good sense, and force of character, break forth into unmasked but not unaccepted counsel."

God's message is always impressive, and proved so even in the case of this uncivilized monarch. The force and wisdom of Joseph's interpretation and remarks caused Pharaoh to realize that the message was of divine origin. What a triumphant moment in the experience of the one who had trusted God amid distressing circumstances when Pharaoh asked his assembled court, "Can we find such an one as this is, in whom the Spirit of God is?" And

then the elevation from prison-house to vice-regal position. "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled."

Thus God honors those who honor Him. He caused such circumstances to develop as would result in Joseph being rewarded openly for the faith he had exerted in the solitude of the prison. He is able to preserve those who trust in Him, and to cause all things to work together for our good.

Two sons were born to Joseph during the seven good years, who were to perform a part in carrying out God's purpose in His chosen people. Joseph did not forget his father's house, and he began to realize more and more that God had a hand in his exile, and was making all his labor and sorrow to work for good. In giving Ephraim his name he calls Egypt "the land of my affliction," as if he still felt that Egypt was not his proper home, and his interests were in the land of promise. Ephraim and Manasseh, though born of an Egyptian mother, became the heads of very prominent tribes in Israel.



Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream.

Instruction Drill.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

Food.

It should be simple and nourishing in character. With brown bread and good vegetables, milk, eggs, and fruit, there is very little need for meat, and good vigorous health can be maintained without it.

The use of more dainty things is necessary and justifiable for delicate persons and persons suffering from disease.

The moderate use of tea and coffee is usually necessary in this climate. Cold water is the best beverage to drink, but if it is not wholesome it should always be boiled before using.

All articles of food should be as good in quality as possible.

It is important to attend to the quantity of the food taken as well as the quality. Very false notions prevail as to the quantity that a man requires. With most people, the less food taken the better, so that a sufficient supply is eaten to preserve healthy and vigorous action.

As a rule, three meals a day are abundant. In fact, two good meals, with a light repast added, is sufficient for most adult people. Growing children may require more.

Always eat lightly before a meeting or before attempting to do any spiritual work.

Simple and moderate habits of eating and

drinking will be found very helpful to the maintenance of a good state of soul.

Moderate eating and drinking make a good impression on the outside world, whereas glutinous or luxurious living make just the opposite.

THE KAISER'S ADVICE TO HIS SONS.

At the recent confirmation of two of his sons, the German Emperor delivered a very pointed address about their duty as Princes and Christians, from which we quote the following extracts as good advice to any young man:

"When you will be drawn into the maelstrom of life, and surrounded by conflicting opinions about the personality of the Saviour, I want you to remember what I say now, that you may be in a position to take your stand and to defend it.

"No words of any man have ever been able to inspire people of all races and nationalities with the one purpose and enthusiasm to endeavor to be like him—yea, even to give his life for him—as the words of Christ have done and are still doing. This can only be explained by the fact that the words which Jesus spoke are the words of the living God, which awaken life, and will live still when the words of the sages will have been forgotten.

"When I look back over my past experience, I can assure you that the angle and pivot of human life, especially of a responsible and busy one, I can see more clearly than ever, is found only and entirely in the attitude one takes toward his Lord and Saviour.

"I called Him the most personal of personalities, and rightly so. In His incarnate life, He has met with all that is inevitable in any man's life, and with all that we experience of joy and sorrow, suffering and gladness. The conflict of opinions about His personality was bitter and strong; some were for Him, some were doubtful, many were against Him. But there is no room left to-day for doubt about His existence; even the most bitter enemy and denier of Christ is only an evidence that the Lord lives at this day still as a distinct personality, which cannot be ignored. His form of light, only seen by the spiritual eye, and felt by the soul, still walks in our midst, consoling, helping, and succoring, as well as also arousing contradiction and persecution.

"And because Christ cannot be ignored, every man is compelled—consciously or unconsciously—to base the life he lives, the office he holds, the work which he pursues, upon the angle of view from which he considers Christ, and whether his labor, in His sight, is pleasing to Him, or otherwise. A man's conscience, if it be still alive, will always give him the right answer in this respect. . . .

"Men have, besides the Saviour, fitted out heaven, for their own pleasure and convenience, with many beautiful characters, pious Christians, whom they call saints, and to whom they turn when in difficulty and need. But this is all a mistake and altogether useless. The only helper and Saviour is, and always will be, Jesus Christ.

"As a guide through life, I can give you only this advice: *Work, and work without ceasing!* That is the kernel of the Christ-life, the life which the Saviour has lived, and left on record for us as our example. Look through the Scripture and read the parables of our Lord, and you will find that the heaviest punishment falls on him who does nothing, but sits still while others toil; who swims with the stream while others struggle against its current.

"And whatever you may do or undertake, seek, above everything, to make it a cause of happiness and gladness to your fellowmen, for that is the most beautiful of all: to rejoice with others together. But when such is impossible, then at least let your labor be for the good and of use to mankind, just as our Lord's life was full of good deeds. If you do this then only will you fulfil what is expected of you."



Young People's Page

Don't Despise Your Elder.

We do not a little mischief at our first introduction into the larger world by overgauging the worth and the certainty of our own knowledge. And this is a peculiar temptation of the present hour. For many centuries science and learning were practically at a standstill, and children could not possibly learn more than their elders. That condition of things is past, for we live in an age of wonderful developments, and the man who is abreast of his times in one quarter of the century is a stick-in-the-mud when the next quarter begins. The new secrets man is learning become the special heritage of the rising rather than of the departing generation, and it would be a miracle if the rising generation did not assume a superior tone. We learn some things the older people did not know, and are in danger of assuming they knew nothing at all. Perhaps we quote at a discount the manifold and painfully-garnished experiences of the past. It is well to check this blind, vain temper of priggish infallibility to which we are so prone, by remembering that no new discovery has been made in the highest of all branches of science—that which regulates conduct—for two thousand years. We may find out varied ways of solving our modern problems by new applications of old ethical principles, but theoretically we stand where men have stood for centuries. —Ex.

MATCHES.

Till the close of the 18th century flint and steel with tinder box and sulphur-tipped splints of wood—"spunks" or matches—were the common means of obtaining fire for domestic and other purposes. The sparks struck off by the percussion of flint and steel were made to fall among the tinder, which consisted of carbonized fragments of cotton and linen; the entire mass of the tinder was set into a glow, developing sufficient heat to ignite the sulphur with which the matches were tipped, and thereby the splints themselves were set on fire. Instead of tinder, match-paper, or touch-paper, was often used.

It was not until 1805 that any attempt was made to use chemical agency for the ordinary production of fire. In that year M. Chancel, assistant to Professor Thenard, of Paris, introduced an apparatus consisting of a small bottle containing asbestos, saturated with strong sulphuric acid, with splints, or matches, coated with sulphur and tipped with a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar. The matches so prepared, when brought into contact with the sulphuric acid in the bottle, ignited, and thus, by chemical action, fire was produced. It appears that also in the same year phosphorus matches were known in Paris, and in 1809 Derepas proposed to lessen the dangerously great inflammability of the phosphorus match by making an igniting mixture of that element with magnesia. Experiments of various kinds were made at various times, until 1827 Mr. John Walker, a druggist at Stockton-on-Tees, made the first really practical friction matches. With each box of eighty-four, which was retailed at a shilling, there was supplied a piece of folded glass paper, the folds of which were to be tightly pressed together while the match was drawn between them.

The phosphorus friction match of the present day was first introduced on a commercial scale in 1833, and it appears to have been made simultaneously in several district centres. The name most prominently connected with the early stages is that of Preschel, of Vienna, who, in 1833, had a factory in operation for making phosphorus matches, fuses, and amadou slips tipped with igniting composition. At the same time also matches were being made by Moldenhauer, in Darmstadt; and for a long series of years Austria and the south German States were the principal centres of the new industry.

The use of phosphorus as a principal ingred-

ient in the igniting mixture of matches has not been free from very serious disadvantages. It is a deadly poison, the free dissemination of which has led to many accidental deaths, and also to numerous cases of wilful poisoning and suicides. Workers who are also exposed to phosphoric vapours are subject to a peculiar distressing disease which attacks the jaw, and ultimately produces necrosis of the jaw-bone. The most serious objections to the use of phosphorus have, however, been overcome by the discovery of the modified condition of that body known as red, or amorphous, phosphorus, made by Professor Anton Von Schrotter, of Vienna, in 1845, and the utilization of that substance in the now well known "safety matches" invented by Lundstrom, of Sweden, in 1855, and first manufactured in the United Kingdom by Bryant & May, of London.

It will be further interesting to know that the Salvation Army, in its match factories in the Old Country, uses altogether this non-injurious phosphorus, and thus does away with the evils brought on the workers by using the inferior material. The matches thus manufactured command a slight advance in price, especially as those employed by the Army receive a higher wage than is generally paid. But there are to be found thousands of consumers who are willing to spend a trifle more on good matches so that those employed in their manufacture might be saved from the fearful disease of "fossy-jaw."

A Prisoner's Pet.

As a reward for good conduct, Meyers, a long-term convict in a U. S. prison, was permitted to buy a canary, and in his cell, with the patience a free man would never have had, he had the little bird's education.

Every spare minute was devoted to the canary, and one by one the tricks were learned. The affection between the convict and the canary became very marked as the months passed; the bird humanized a man who at one time was scarcely human. Meyers would hurry at his

dinner in order to get back to his pet in the prison office where he was employed, and when he got there "Pedee," as he called the bird, would swoop down upon his head, and sit there with his master worked.

One day Meyers read of a man who had been offered \$250 for a canary that could sing a bar of the "Star-Spangled Banner." For the next year after that the convict devoted his time to teaching "Pedee" to sing "Yankee Doodle," until the bird could sing it without missing a note.

During the next two years the warders knew that the man was devoting his whole attention, during spare hours, to the bird, but they did not interfere. They knew that in the hands of Convict No. 6,332 "Pedee" was becoming possessed of almost human intelligence, and was being taught tricks performed only by the most intelligent of animals.

They saw him jump hurdles, climb an Eiffel Tower, play nine-pins, and ride the little bicycle that Meyers had made for him. They knew that "Pedee" could ring a bell for his food—one ring for seed and two rings for green food—that he had a miniature fort where he raised his own flag, and that he could pick the letters of his name out of the alphabet. Many other things can this accomplished bird perform.

Labor.

Labor, indeed, if we would but perceive it, is one of the greatest of earthly blessings. It rewards with health, contentment of mind, cheerfulness of spirit, and sound, refreshing sleep; few of which blessings of life are long enjoyed by those who do not daily, in one form or another, labor. And why is this? Because to labor is to perform the business of life; to carry out the purpose for which every human being is called into existence. As the Romans of yore, notwithstanding that they were "heathen," had the true religious sense to perceive, "To labor is to pray." In work and by work, of body, as well as of mind and heart, we worship God and fulfil His will.

Discoverers and Adventurers.

SIR FRANCIS
DRAKE.

Drake thence continued his voyage along the coast of Chili and Peru, taking all opportunities of seizing Spanish ships, and attacking them on shore, till his men were satisfied with plunder, and then coasted along the shores of America, as far as 48° N. lat., in an unsuccessful endeavor to discover a passage into the Atlantic. Having landed, however, he named the country New Albion, and took possession in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Having caulked his ship, he sailed thence on the 20th of September, 1579, for the Moluccas. On the 4th of November he got sight of those islands, and, arriving at Ternate, was extremely well received by the King. On the 10th of December he made the Celebes, where his ship unfortunately struck upon a rock, but was taken off without much damage. He proceeded thence to Java, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, having then on board only fifty seven men and three casks of water. He passed the line on the 12th of July, and on the 16th reached the Coast of Guinea, where he watered. On the 11th of September he made the Island of Terceira, and on the 3rd of November he entered the harbor of Plymouth. This voyage around the world, the first accomplished by any Englishman, was thus performed in two years and ten months. The Queen hesitated for some time whether to recognize the achievements or not, fearing to offend Spain, but decided in favor of Drake eventually. Accordingly, soon after his arrival, she paid a visit to Deptford, went on board his ship, and there, after partaking of a banquet, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, at the same time declaring her entire approbation of all that he had done.

In 1585, open hostilities having commenced with Spain, Drake sailed with a fleet to the West Indies, and took the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, Cartagena, and St. Augustine. In 1587 he went to Lisbon with a fleet of thirty sail, and having received intelligence of a great fleet assembled in the Bay of Cadiz, and destined to form part of the Armada, he, with great courage, entered the port on the 19th of April, and there burnt upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping—afeat which he afterwards joyously called "singeing the King of Spain's beard." In 1588, when the Spanish Armada was approaching England, Sir Francis Drake was appointed Vice-Admiral, under Lord Howard, and made prize of a very large galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, who was reputed the projector of the invasion, and who struck at once on learning his adversary's name.

In 1589 Drake commanded the fleet sent to restore Dom Antonio, King of Portugal, the land forces being under the command of Sir John Norris; but they had hardly put to sea when the commanders differed, and thus the attempt proved abortive. But as the war with Spain continued, a more formidable expedition was fitted out, under Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, against their settlements in the West Indies, than had hitherto been undertaken during the whole course of it. Here, however, the commanders again disagreed about the plan; and the result in like manner disappointed public expectation. These disasters were keenly felt by Drake, and were the principal cause of his death, which took place on board his own ship, near the town of Nombre de Dios, in the West Indies, January 28th, 1596.

The War Cry.

PRINTED for Evangelical Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, at the Office of the War Cry, 100 Yonge Street, Toronto, and Albany, N.Y., by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, of Albany, N.Y. —
All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 5, A. Temple, Toronto.
All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario. P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELICAL BOOTH.
All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.



Our New Officers.

The commissioning of the fourth session of Cadets, under the Central Training System, has just taken place. It has been shown in a practical manner that decidedly more satisfactory results are obtained under the new arrangements than under the old Garrison system. This is very gratifying indeed. Of course we cannot claim perfection for our Training System yet; the claims of the work press too heavily for officers to allow for a longer period of training; but considering all things, especially the length of the session, the results are most encouraging and creditable. The aim is the continual improvement of our system in order to send into the field officers well fitted for the important work before them, and there can be no doubt, if we are not perfect in our system yet, we are going on toward perfection.

The International Congress.

The time for preparation for all who desire to be present at the International Congress, to be held in London, Eng., in June and July, is now. A hundred thousand Salvationists, from every land and clime, will assemble. The opportunity will be unique, and it is desirable that Canada be well represented. Special arrangements are being made for transportation, and any Salvationist, not an officer, wishing to be present should write to the Chief Secretary for reduced rates and other details. This is a splendid opportunity for those who have relatives in the Old Country to visit their friends and to take part in these great gatherings. It is expected that a troop of Indians will be among the representatives of this Territory.

The Temple Campaign.

(Special.)

Much interest is being manifested in the great revival campaign conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire at the Temple.

During the first ten days' meetings sixty-six persons have knelt at the penitent form for pardon and purity. The attendance has substantially increased. On Sunday night the auditorium was crowded, and the gallery was brought into requisition.

Staff-Capt. Coombs has the arrangements well in hand. The soldiers are delighted with the services, and the converts take an active part.

The special subjects arouse considerable interest and excellent attention is given to the Colonel's talks. Man's duty to God and the realities of a Judgment Day are brought before the unsaved in every meeting.

The music furnished by the Temple band and the singing by Staff-Capt. Manton and the Male Quartet is much appreciated.

We were delighted to have with us Major Barker, General Secretary for Western New York Province, and Staff-Capt. Wiseman, an old Canadian comrade, who is now the Property Secretary for the same Province.—W. C. Arnold.

From Over the Border.

The Christmas celebrations in the Grand Palace, New York, resulted in about 150 souls at the mercy seat. Speaking of the event, Commander Booth-Tucker states: "I can only remember one similar experience in my Salvation warfare, and that was in India, when at one midnight open-air meeting about 130 natives flung themselves at the Saviour's feet and sought salvation."

Throughout the United States, in all the cities and towns, the Army has been distributing Christmas Cheer. The two greatest efforts, though, were put forth in New York and Chicago, where many thousands of well-filled baskets were distributed to the very poor, and sumptuous Christmas dinners provided to large crowds of the poorest men, women, and children that could be got together.

The following resolution was kindly and considerately proposed and carried in an assembly of the Ohio Congress of Mothers, and forwarded to Commander Booth-Tucker:

Resolved: That the Cleveland Congress of Mothers express its sincere sorrow at the untimely death of Emma Booth-Tucker.

We honor her because of her unselfish devotion to the cause of the poor and the unfortunate of earth.

The world mourns the loss of a true mother and a consecrated worker in the service of God. Nobly she lived, and, answering the call of duty, she died.

We are informed that the special Christmas number of the New York Cry had a circulation of 350,000 copies.

Junior Work Booming at St. Catharines.

(Special.)

Glorious week-end meetings, conducted by Adj't. and Mrs. Sims, the Junior Secretaries. Good crowds attended all the meetings on Sunday; finished with one soul in the fountain. The baby band did yeoman service, and Capt. Baird and Lieutenant Jordan worked like trojans.

On Monday the barracks was packed with people who sat until after ten o'clock, listening to thrilling descriptions of life in the haunts and jungles of Darkest London. Everybody delighted. Splendid income for week-end. St. Catharines is rising. Look out for news. Over one hundred and forty children attended afternoon Band of Love meeting.—Silas A.

Harmonies at Kingston.

(By Wire.)

Harmonic Revivalists commenced Kingston campaign under very favorable circumstances. Sunday's meetings were characterized with power and the presence of the Holy Spirit. Magnificent crowds attended. Interest increasing. The burning truths delivered nightly impressed the people. Fourteen souls for the day. Faith high for successful campaign.—Silvas.

Composition Competition.

A FINE BIBLE GIVEN AS FIRST PRIZE.

To what circumstance, person, song, book, or other cause, do you trace your conversion?

Every saved man, woman, or child is invited to send a reply to the above question to the Editor, not exceeding three hundred words.

To the best reply—judged from the point of composition and originality—we will present a leather bound, silk sewn, reference Bible, flexible binding.

All MSS. must be mailed not later than February 6th.

Major Archibald, we are sorry to say, has been on the sick list, and confined to his home for a few days, but we learn there is an improvement in his condition at the time of writing.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner's health continues to improve steadily. During the past week, with due precaution not to overtax her strength, she has been able to increasingly transact administrative business and had some important councils with the Chief Secretary and others. At an early council with leading officers, to be held in a few days, the Commissioner proposes to line out the plan of campaign for the year. The Field will hear with gratitude of the divine answer to their prayers on behalf of our beloved leader.

The special soul-saving campaign at the Temple, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, has already resulted in sixty-six souls at the penitent form for the blessing of a clean heart and salvation, though it is but ten days since its commencement.

Ensign Fleming has arrived from the Eastern Province to receive certain information along the line of tailoring. After he has satisfied his craving for knowledge he will proceed back to St. John, N.B., and there open a Salvation Army tailoring establishment, which will be a branch from the main one at Territorial Headquarters.

There are rumors in the air, and whispers can be heard in the corridors and on the stairs of the Headquarters building that the unlikely is going to happen. Personally we know nothing more, except we have good foundation for saying the Commissioner is shortly to meet the principal officers of the Territory in council at the Centre. More anon.

Two new and improved lamps have been purchased for the Photo-Engraving Department, which are proving themselves very useful acquisitions to our already excellent plant.

Staff-Capt. H. Morris, who is in charge of the T. F. S. work, has all but completed arrangements for the purchase of the film for moving pictures taken of the Consul's funeral procession. Needless to say, the same is on a very elaborate scale, and if the Staff-Captain finally succeeds in securing the moving pictures, and a suitable lantern to produce the scenes as in actual life, we have no doubt wherever they are shown large crowds will congregate.

The corner of Wilton Ave. and Victoria St., Toronto is considerably altered for the better since the alterations were made to the building. The Shelter now makes quite an imposing appearance, and when completed will doubtless fill a want long felt. At a suitable time we shall give photographs and explain fully the purposes of this new enterprise.

Since Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin arrived home from his Newfoundland and Eastern tour he has been a little under the weather, with a grippe. We are glad to say he is better now and can be seen upstairs in his accustomed seat, grappling with the important and multifarious problems of his department.

Staff-Capt. Coombs informs us that he is right at home as the officer in charge of the Temple corps. We can say for him, he is getting along splendidly, and from every aspect the work is progressing. The junior Christmas celebrations, for example, certainly reached high-water mark, and we extend our congratulations to the Staff-Captain and his worthy aides, Ensign A. Morris and Capt. W. Peacock. Also the present revival services, now in progress, are all that could be desired.

Major Barker, the genial General Secretary to Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre, and our old friend, Staff-Capt. Wiseman, dropped down suddenly upon us in the Queen City, from Buffalo, and helped Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire in his revival meeting at the Temple on Sunday night. In private conversation they told us "they were over in our quiet country for a rest." They were joking, of course, but, poor mortals, they looked weary enough. We are happy to say, however, their stiffness soon melted in that red-hot meeting at the Temple, and this morning we are very loth to part with them, because they are like us.

The Cadets Commissioned by the Chief Secretary AT THE TEMPLE.

A Good Crowd—Smiles and Tears—The Commissioner's Message and a Grand Climax.

Unusual interest always centres around the night the Cadets are commissioned, and although there was much disappointment because the Commissioner was not able to grace the occasion with her presence, yet a large crowd gathered in the Temple Auditorium.

There were the usual preliminaries—a good war song, voiced heartily by the Cadets and congregation, supported by the twenty-five musicians who comprise the Temple band. The Editor-in-Chief, Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire prayed, when again we indulged in some hearty and soul-stirring singing—the kind the Chief Secretary seems especially fond of; it cannot be said to have been particularly classical, but of that sort which swells out your chest, lifts you above your surroundings, and in the spirit carries you up to noble desires and still more precious realizations.

Major Stanyon, the Principal of the Training Home, then rises, and in his usual inimitable style gave statistics of what the Cadets had done in the interests of the Kingdom, between their studies, during the past eighteen weeks. His remarks were interspersed with some good, hard hand-clapping, the medium through which the audience expressed their appreciation for such a splendid showing.

TRAINING HOME STATISTICS, 4TH SESSION. EVANGELICAL.

Houses Called at	18,453
Houses Entered	3,421
Houses Prayed in	3,541
Saloons Visited	5,564
Indoor Meetings Attended	60
Open-Airs Attended	145
Publications Sold	18,465
Christmas Crys Sold	1,600
Number Souls Saved	64

SCHOLASTIC.

No. of Lessons Per Week	17
No. Lectures given in Session	45

Later on Mrs. Major Stanyon spoke to us, and her concise and pithy address proved quite as interesting as the Major's. It did not consist of numerals, but was filled up with incidents which had happened in the lives of the Cadets during their training days. One we must give: An elderly gentleman called at the Training Home one day with tear-bedecked eyes, and made certain enquiries of Captain Webber, a lassie on the T. H. Staff. The Captain, though wise to a fault, and of an extremely sympathetic disposition, found herself suddenly unequal to the task of giving the gentleman the solace he so urgently needed, and referred her visitor to Mrs. Major Stanyon. Judge the latter's surprise when informed by the gentleman in question that he had lost his partner in life some two years previously, and that he had called to see if she could recommend any of the Army girls then in training as a partner in life for him. Mrs. Stanyon, seeing that the gentleman was perfectly sincere, and that the matter was one which deeply affected his heart and feelings, did not wish to abruptly terminate the conversation, so, by the way of showing a little interest, asked him what were his prospects in life. He replied that he had a very good business as a fishmonger, and could give a good home to the right woman! Needless to say, one of the angels of mercy in the Training Home could not be spared, but the incident will show the ignorance of some, at least, as to the real purpose of the institution.

The Cadets afterwards came to the front of the platform and were commissioned by the Chief Secretary under the colors. To watch their expressions when receiving their promotions and appointments was at times pathetic, and at others extremely laughable. Here was the lad from Newmarket unexpectedly advanced to a Captaincy, and sent to the Pacific Coast.

There were many surprises, and altogether the commissioning was an interesting ceremony. As one group of Cadets came to the platform, and those commissioned took their seats, the band struck up a lively and appropriate air, such as "Stand like the brave." After all the new Captains and Lieutenants had taken their seats there was an animated scene amongst them for some time—the unlikely had happened in nearly every case.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Manton soloed to us "Beautiful River." A lovely song, truly, and sung with old-time vim.

Here the Commissioner's message was read by Mrs. Major Stanyon, amid the most profound silence, whilst the Cadets stood to their feet drinking in eagerly every word, to be treasured in their hearts when hardly pressed by subtle temptations, and when, perhaps, confronted with a thousand discouragements.

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The Commissioner's Message.

It will be needless for me to tell you of my deep regret that I am deprived the privilege of commissioning you for your service under the flag myself. You will know it, for you will have heard of the much sorrow my long absence from the battle's front has caused me. You will also know it pains me for you to be denied the pleasure receiving their commissions at my hand would have brought you. But neither you nor I must forget that all these disappointments, small or great, can work out for your good and for mine, being within the great purposes of Him who hath loved us.

I can fancy I can see you as I have seen so many, standing upon the threshold of a great sphere—your faces an intermingling of joy and sadness, faith and timidity; joy because of what is set before you, sadness consequent to leaving those you have learned to love; faith because you know God, and timidity because God has shown you yourself and your weakness.

You start upon a path upon which hundreds have gone before you—hundreds who have fought, and suffered, and sacrificed to prove faithful to their calling, and whom God has crowned here with victories glorious, and will crown hereafter with victories eternal. They have in a thousand senses prepared your way, but you must none the less expect and be prepared for the conflict, in all its desperate and subtil measures.

You only have one enemy—sin; and wherever that enemy is, the fight is always hard, and seeing that it is to fight against this enemy you have engaged in the war, you can always be encouraged by the thought that where the fight is the hardest you have the best chances, and are in the best possible place. Remember a Salvationist ceases to be true to his name when he makes an enemy of any man, no matter how unkindly, cruelly, or wrongly he may have treated him. His mission is to fight sin, but never the sinner—to correct the fault, but never, even in heart, harm the erring. Therefore, my dear girls and boys, knowing that temptations of every kind will beset you, I ask you not to start for your place on the field without your souls being filled with love to God, mercy and compassion toward your fellow, and your breast aflame with holy ambition to fight, and to fight bravely, loyally, and desperately against the foes of heaven and Calvary.

The Chief Secretary, "who doeth all things well," will send you forth with inspiration and blessing to your various appointments. I shall think of you, pray for you, believe for you, and hope some day to meet you at some point of the field—if not, on some bright morning, on the Celestial camping ground we will together see His face to face, and tell the stories of His grace.

Yours with you for the salvation of all men,
EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

The Chief Secretary, doubtless inspired by the tenor of the whole meeting, rose on the wings of the inspiration of the song, moved us to smiles and to tears for one hour and five minutes. We got quite a new idea of Moses and his call, and the Colonel's powerful utterances came as a searchlight to our hearts, revealing to us in no shadowy way our present spiritual condition.

There was a grand climax, led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, when four sons knelt at the mercy seat.

East Ontario Notes.

BY THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

The efforts in connection with the relief of the poor throughout the Province have been the best yet. Montreal led the way by providing for 5,550 persons. Ottawa came next, where nearly 1,000 persons were provided with meals. Belleville did well by feeding 500, half of whom were adults. Kingston and Quebec also did considerable in the above direction. The cheer and happiness brought to the hearts of the crowd, as mentioned above, have been ample reward for the toil and effort put into this worthy object.

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Our New Year's gatherings this year were held at Ottawa. The Kingston band, together with a number of visiting officers, were present. The council and public meetings were all that we could desire, and were made a great blessing in every way. The Kingston Band did good service, and we believe were well repaid for coming. We wound up with fourteen souls for salvation.

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One of the last and saddest functions which I had to perform in the closing hours of 1903 was to conduct the funeral service of Lieut. Anew of Quebec, who took sick and died within a few days. Ensign Edwards is sending a full report of the same.

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Our Building Scheme here in Montreal is going forward steadily, but surely. We are now in receipt of nearly \$10,000 in the way of subscriptions.

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A new property has been purchased at Smith's Falls. Capt. and Mrs. Coy are full of hope in raising considerable money towards the purchase of the same. Cornwall has also under consideration a similar scheme.

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The Jones Sisters are at present touring the Province, and meeting with good success. They are at present with Ensign Thompson, in the Ottawa District.

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The Harmonic Revivalists have just completed a successful tour at Cornwall, and are now at Kingston, where we expect mighty things will be accomplished in the interests of the Master's Kingdom.

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The P. O. is conducting District Councils this month at Ottawa, Montreal, Kingston, Belleville, and Peterboro, attended by officers of the respective Districts.

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Capt. Hoole has been in the hospital for some time, but is now improving, and hopes to be out in the course of a few days.

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Capt. Battrick has been appointed to P.H.Q. as the new Cashier for the Province. The Captain is already in the harness and is doing well.

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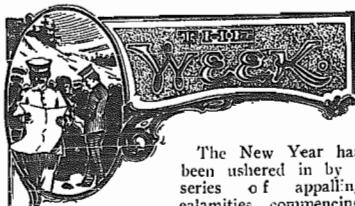
Quebec Shelter has recently had bequeathed to them a grant of \$1,000. This will be paid over to the institution some time this coming summer. Ensign and Mrs. Hanna are naturally jubilant over the same, as this will help to pay off the accounts in connection with the property alterations.

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Cornwall has plans in hand for the formation of a brass band.

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A suitable property has been acquired by Lieut.-Colonel Rauch at Sav-la-Mar for the purpose of Divisional Headquarters for Western Jamaica.



The New Year has been ushered in by a series of appalling calamities, commencing with the Chicago theatre fire, and continuing with a series of railway accidents and other catastrophes.

The last item added to the gruesome list is the foundering of the steamer Clallam, near Victoria, B.C., causing the death of fifty-four men, women, and children. The sinking was caused by a leak. Two boats were launched, but capsized in the heavy sea.

The outlook on the political horizon is also stormy. Japan and Russia are still negotiating, and both sides express desires for peace, while feverish preparations for hostilities are being made. Whether war can be avoided seems an impossible thing to predict.

In Macedonia signs of insurrection are numerous, and it seems improbable that the Astro-Russian agreement will be carried out to the exclusion of bloodshed. It will take a long time to restore order in that troubled country.

Another revolution is in progress at San Domingo, while Columbia wants to fight the United States, if necessary, on account of the secession of the Republic of Panama. Both affairs are small in comparison, but they are regrettable, and may possibly cause a great deal of bloodshed.

There appears to be, however, a genuine desire and honest effort made on the part of the Powers to avoid wars and conflicts, and we can only pray that their efforts may prove successful.

Canadian Cuttings.

The Dominion Government are reported to be opposed to sending a regiment of Canadians to India.

Ernest Froom was killed and his wife seriously injured by an explosion of dynamite in their house near Cornwall.

One of the cylinders of the steamer Chicora fell into the Government dry-dock at Kingston, and was so badly smashed that a new one will have to be cast at a cost of \$2,500.

Hamilton St. Public School, Toronto, was burned, but five hundred children escaped unharmed in two minutes, owing to familiarity with fire drill.

Michael Landry was frozen to death at Montreal while sleeping in a stairway.

The members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association have need of 3,676 male and female operatives.

Bradstreet's reported a decrease of 12 per cent. in failures in Canada in 1903, compared with 1902, and 2 per cent. in the United States.

Mr. Kivas Tully discussed the lowering of the lake levels, at a recent lecture, stating that it amounted to 13.61 inches in Lake Ontario during 50 years.

Seven men were killed and two injured by an explosion of gas in tunnel No. 3 of the Crow's Nest Coal Company's mine at Michel.

Employees of Eddy's mills, at Hull, Que., are on strike against an extension of hours.

The Provincial Board of Health has a report of 50 cases of typhoid in Pembroke.

Five Indians were caught on the St. Lawrence bridge at Lachine by a train. Two were killed and the others injured.

U. S. Siftings.

Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, is following up steps recently taken by him to prevent gambling in that city, and has notified the Police Inspectors that from a source unknown to them he had received information that gambling houses and poolrooms were being opened in Manhattan Borough. He allowed them 48 hours to close every gambling house and poolroom in the borough.

The steamer Provan, which arrived from Calcutta at Boston on Friday night, brought in the captain and crew of the schooner G. A. Smith, of Richibucto, N.S., who were found on their dimasted and sinking vessel 400 miles off the coast.

An eruption on Sugar Loaf Mountain, Owingsville, Kentucky, is assuming alarming proportions. There are five fissures in the side of the mountain, from which smoke pours in considerable volume, accompanied by a deep, rumbling noise. All the trees in the vicinity are blasted and splintered.

United States Secretary of State Hav wishes a conference with the Canadian Government to establish an international fish hatchery for the preservation of B. C. salmon.

A company of the United States marines has arrived at Seoul, the capital of Corea, to protect American interests there, owing to danger of rioting.

Twenty people were killed and thirty-seven injured as the result of a railway collision near Willard, Kan.

At the investigation into the Iroquois Theatre fire, at Chicago, the managers admitted that seven of the exits were locked and bolted.

Six men were killed and four others injured, perhaps fatally, in a boiler explosion in a saw mill, at Hicks Lake, Mich.

There were 364 deaths from pneumonia in New York City last week.

British Briefs.

The first annual report of the National Association for the Suppression of Bad Language, of which Lord Wolseley is President, shows that the pure speech mission has been extensively carried on by means of public meetings and the distribution of literature.

Two and a quarter tons of whalebone were sold at Dundee, Scotland, for £3,000 a ton.

An English firm of carpet manufacturers proposes to establish a factory in Canada, to employ 100 hands.

Further details regarding Britain's trade for 1903 show an increase in exports of \$56,427,685 over 1902, when the best previous record was made.

The Chinese Government complains that Chinamen are not fairly treated in the British colonies.

The number of men killed by the boiler explosion on the British cruiser Wallaroo was four, instead of forty-three, as at first reported.

The Australian Federation of Seanchi, by resolution, declared that a preference to Britain should be in the nature of an acknowledgement for the protection of the navy.

A British mixed force defeated the Mad Mullah's force at Jihallli, Somaliland, killing 1,000 Dervishes.

Premier Sedden, of New Zealand, has invited the Premiers of the other colonies to join him in a protest against the employment of Asiatics in the Transvaal mines.

International Items.

Revolutionists continue to fire shells into San Domingo, and several private dwellings have been damaged. The revolutionists have defeated General Castillo at San Cristobal, capturing two cannons and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. Many were killed and wounded in a fierce battle.

It is reported that 4,000 Albanians, who are opposed to the reform schemes, are blocking important roads in Macedonia.

Boris Sarafoff says that unless the Powers cause the granting of autonomy to Macedonia there will be another revolution next spring.

The Chinese Minister at Tokio, at the request of the Japanese Foreign Office, has notified his superior that unless Russia recedes Japan will promptly resort to arms.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that the Czarina is again ill, and that her temperature is high. The doctors fear that an abscess is forming in the inner ear.

Great activity is being displayed in Turkish military centres, particularly in Macedonia,

The Uruguayan troops in the Department of Artigas have mutinied and are marching on Melo, and the nationalists in the Department of Treinta y Tres have declared in favor of the revolutionists. A detachment of Uruguayan troops routed a revolutionary force in the Department of Maldonado on January 4th.

The Columbian representative has been notified that the United States considers the Panama incident closed.

Owing to the death of the Dowager Empress of Corea, the Emperor refuses to transact business for one month.

It is announced that Great Britain has agreed to the Anglo-Italian arbitration treaty, which will be signed in Rome.

The Russian Minister of the Interior has taken special precautions to prevent the massacre of the Jews during the holiday season.

Bulgarians lost 100 in a fight with Turks, near Uskub.

A Paris bank suspended and depositors lost \$1,500,000.

An explosion of dynamite near Guadalajara, Mexico, killed twenty people and injured forty.

Bulgaria has complained to the Forte that the promises in regard to the Macedonian reforms have not been kept.

The revolutionists shelled San Domingo and destroyed many private houses.

Re-Opening of Owen Sound Barracks.

Brigadier Pickering, Adj't. Sims, and Capt. Russell arrived in Owen Sound by the noon express, on Saturday, Jan. 2nd, 1904, to conduct the re-opening services of the Owen Sound barracks. They received a hearty welcome by Adj't. and Mrs. Burrows and Lieut. Eade, and by the soldiers and citizens later on, when they met for the first service. The Brigadier and party expressed their high appreciation of the beautiful and comfortable auditorium in which the Salvation Army will conduct their meetings in future. They considered it a magnificent improvement upon the old hall.

Sunday afternoon's meeting was well attended to hear the special addresses by Rev. Dr. Summerville, Alderman Shean, and Mr. C. Gordon, town clerk. The former, however, sent a note to state his physical condition would not permit him being present, but he was substituted very acceptably by the Rev. Mr. Rodehouse. The congregation enjoyed the meeting very much. The Brigadier's appeal for donations toward the building effort resulted in \$70 in cash and promises.

At night our lovely hall was filled again with an eager crowd to hear the Brigadier's address, which was very powerful in reaching the hearts of those present, while Adj't. Sims' speaking and Capt. Russell's singing proved of much worth in forcing home the truths.

A long streamer across the main street announced a special banquet and musical meeting for Monday night. The former was supervised by Messrs. Thompson and McColl, local confectioners, whose management and assistance went a long way to make the banquet one of the best ever served in our barracks, and resulted in about \$45 income.

The people began to gather at an early hour for the musical service, which was very successful and interesting. The following gentlemen gave able addresses during the evening: Rev. Mr. McAlpine, Rev. Mr. Nelson, Mr. T. I. Thompson, M.P., and Mr. Ewing Buchanan, of the Hamilton Bank, Owen Sound. Each speaker spoke very highly of the work being accomplished by the Salvation Army, and expressed their great pleasure in seeing the auditorium in such a presentable condition. The selections rendered by Miller's Orchestra were greatly appreciated. Another appeal for donations were made by the Brigadier which resulted in a favorable response, and brought the total income for the week-end up to about \$190.—W. H. B.

God sometimes deprives us of the milk and honey of His consolations, in order that we may learn to eat the dry, substantial bread of a vigorous devotion, trained by means of temptations and trials.

Our Missionary Fields. | A Trip Through Java.

BY CAPT. FRED. BILL.

MODES OF TRAVELING.

A few weeks ago Major Glover asked me to accompany him on a tour of the Division, as interpreter, and on a Monday morning we were astir, as I had to leave Salatiga very early, bound for Kajen. Seeing the modes of traveling are various in this country, I will give you a description of my journey. First of all I had a drive of seven miles in a low kind of dog-cart, with diminutive ponies. How these little creatures can travel when put to the test! I arrived at Toentang just in time to catch the train. At Semarang I joined Major Glover, and we continued our journey by steam tram. At Pati we transferred to a dog-cart, to travel the remaining twelve miles. After doing three miles we came to a full stop, for we had to cross a ferry—horse, cart, and all our belongings.

We arrived at our destination to find the quarters in darkness. Said the Major, "It looks as if Capt. Healey has not received my letter." Presently the bamboo door opened, and we saw our dear comrade. Her face was a study, for the Major's letter, which she should have received two days before, had not turned up. Salvationists are the same the world over, and although Capt. Healey was far from well, she gave us a good welcome, and though her cupboard was rather bare it was not quite in the condition of Mother Hubbard's, and in a short time we were enjoying our supper and hearing how God had helped the Captain in her labor of love.

SOCIAL WORK AT KAJEN.

Our work in Kajen is new. It is a Social enterprise which we have taken up on behalf of

before dark the people began to arrive, and we had a gathering of 500 people, including the highest Government official.

CHEERING THE COMRADES AT REMBANG.

The next place to visit was Rembang, which the writer opened over five years ago. We were met by Lieut. Schippers, who is in charge of our work. Our little barracks was packed to overflowing in our night meeting, and the greatest interest was taken in the pictures shown.

We are doing a little Social work here also; Lieut. Schippers visits the sick, helping them with medicine, and every day he has people coming to him from the villages to be treated.

During the five months previous to our visit he had treated 1,422 sick people, and helped 1,559 destitute people with rice. Here we have some blood-and-fire soldiers who have stood for years.

From Rembang we had to return to Salatiga, and thence to Batavia. Mrs. Glover accompanied us on this part of our tour. There is no night train service in Java, so it takes us two days to cover the 470 miles. All the trains from east to west, and vice-versa, stop at Maos. From Semarang to Maos we pass through uninteresting country—stretches of level fields under tobacco cultivation. When about half way we see the ruined Brahminical temples of Brambanan. It is now about 800 years since the Brahminical faith was in full sway in this country.

At Djoeja we had to change trains, and there we had our midday meal. From Djoeja we continued our journey to Maos, where we stayed the night. The "express" for Batavia leaves

dry) you do not get the most pleasant odors.

Our comrades are the only Europeans who live in this part of the town. Other Europeans live in a more congenial and sweeter locality. The result of their self-denial and Christ-like lives is that they have won thirty-four soldiers and twenty-three recruits—a body of men of whom any officer might well be proud. They attend the meetings regularly, and are not afraid to go into the highways and byways, and proclaim to their fellow-countrymen that they have found true peace in the salvation of our Lord.

We stayed six days at Batavia, and had very good meetings every day. Major Glover held three lantern services, at each of which the hall was packed. But the most interesting meeting to the public was the marriage of four of our Chinese comrades.

Brother Nio Ah Sion was united to Sister Tjon Nio, and Brother Lawu Ah Nji to Sister So Tjoen Nio. The brides and bridegrooms wore red kabajas (juppers) with Bala Keslanet worked on them, and the brides wore white sashes. As they took their seats on the platform, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Glover and the officers of the corps, their comrades gave them a splendid welcome. Major Glover, with the help of Capt. Somerville, conducted the ceremony. When the rings were put on and the parties declared man and wife, a motto was unfolded, scattering flowers on the bridal parties and revealing the words, "Slanet Kawin," meaning, "Blessings upon the marriages."

Capt. Somerville and Lieut. Stevens had worked hard to make the meeting a success. The hall was prettily decorated, and a feast was prepared for the two happy couples and their friends. We pray that God will help them to be more than ever in earnest for His Kingdom.

The most encouraging meeting to us was the one in which we swore-in nine comrades as soldiers. They had stood trials and persecutions, and had proved true to their vows.

HAPPY TIDINGS OF THE THOMPSONS.

Our next move was to Sapoeran (Middle Java), where Ensign and Mrs. Thompson are in charge.

Here we have a splendid work amongst the Javanese. The Ensign thinks nothing of walking seventeen to twenty miles a day in order to visit the sick. He carries with him a thick stick with which to kill snakes and protect himself from the buffaloes, and a medicine chest to administer to the needs of the poor Javanese villagers. Wet or fine, he is to be seen tramping over the mountains, and through his practical religion he has won not only the hearts of the people, but their souls for King Jesus. There was a great deal of poverty and want in this district when the Ensigns arrived, and they have done everything in their power to alleviate the distress. Their hearts went out especially to the destitute and orphan children, and now they have in their charge about eighteen children, who are well saved, and would be a credit to any junior corps in the Territory. We can see a thorough change in their lives, and they are a great help and blessing to the Ensigns.

The work at Sapoeran used to be very difficult to finance, but now the people of the district have confidence in our work and give regular monthly donations.

The Ensigns commenced the day's work with knee-drill at 6.30. At these little meetings they have some very blessed times.

Our public meetings were splendid. Over 2,300 people attended three lantern services. This is exceedingly good, when you consider that Sapoeran is only a mountain village; but the people came from miles around.

In our farewell meeting the Major swore-in two soldiers, and we had the joy of seeing four souls at the penitent form.

We were very sorry to leave our comrades, but other duties called us away, and when we parted from them, at 3 o'clock in the morning, all the children had risen to wish us God's blessing upon our journey.

In concluding I ask every Salvationist and Christian to take Java's salvation upon their hearts. There are nearly thirty millions in this island who know practically nothing of God's love and His power to save from sin.



Indian Bullock Carriage.

the Government, which has built a fine quarters for our officers, with every convenience, and also two large dormitories—one for men, another for women and children. We are in the centre of a very poor population, and our work is to look after the really destitute and sick. At the time of the Major's visit there were fifty-five people in the Home, some suffering from most revolting diseases, and our precious comrades care for these poor creatures, whom no one else would think of touching. Capt. Healey goes round every day, washing their wounds and putting on fresh bandages. She has a splendid help in her Javanese Lieutenant, and God is giving them wonderful success.

Once a week the European doctor comes from Pati, and recently the Captain had a visit from the Resident of Semarang, who is the head Government official of the Residencies of Semarang and Djapara. He expressed his delight at all he saw, and promised to help our work in every way he could.

We stayed at Kajen two days, and had a lantern service on the second night. Captain Healey had not much time for announcing, but

at 5 a.m., consequently we were up long before daylight. After a few hours we ran into splendid scenery, and commence to wind our way through the mountains. Up, up we went, every fresh turn revealing sights of surpassing grandeur. We looked down into deep ravines; next moment we saw in the distance the circuitous route we had to travel as we wind round high mountains, cultivated right to the summit.

SUCCESS AND THANKSGIVING AT BATAVIA.

After feasting our eyes on such sights all day we arrived at Weltevreden at six in the evening, and were met by Capt. Emily Somerville, who gave us a good, happy welcome. We got into a dos-a-dos—a native conveyance like a very low dog-cart—and drove to the quarters and barracks, and were there welcomed by Lieut. Stevens and about twenty soldiers of the Batavia corps.

The dear girl-officers live right in the Chinese quarters, and in a Chinese house. There is a waterway just in front of the house, which, in reality, is the open sewerage of the town, from which, in the hot weather (when it is nearly

Songs of the Week.

Solo of the Week

Oh, I often hear them tell a wondrous story,
'Tis of One who lived and died so long ago,

And they say He left a throne of brightest glory
To exchange it for a life of pain and woe.
From a Kingdom to a workshop meek and lowly
Came the Son of God, in love for you and I.
There He came to bless and save
Sent Him to a felon's grave,
For they only deemed Him worthy thus to die.

Chorus.

But He left His home in Glory and He came
on earth to dwell,

In His matchless love for those who go astray.
On the Cross He bled and died, for a lost world
crucified,

And He opened wide for us the gates of day.

There has come to my heart a peace so precious,
There has come into my life a joy so sweet,
It has entered with the blessed love of Jesus,
And my days are filled with happiness complete.

He has banished all the sorrow and the sadness,
Which my sin had brought into my darkened soul,

When in sorrow I did pray,
Then He took my sin away,
And He spoke the word of power, "Be thou made whole."

Chorus.

Oh, I love to tell the story, how He came on earth to dwell.

Holiness.

Tunes.—*Stella* (N.B.B. 120); *Sovereignty* (N.B.B. 119).

2 Give me the faith that can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the childlike, praying love
Which longs to build Thy house again.
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known:
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive,
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

Enlarge, enflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine.
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Come and Fight.

BY HERBERT KING, TILT COVE, N.F.L.

Tune.—*Are you washed?* (N.B.B. 207).
3 Are you cleansed from sin by the Saviour's blood?
There's a place in the Army for you!
Do you fight His battles, though misunderstood,
There's a place in the Army for you!

Chorus.

Come and fight for the right,
There's a place in the Army for you!
Precious souls are dying, help to bring them in.
There's a place in the Army for you!

Are you filled with His Spirit, are you cleansed
from sin?
There's a place in the Army for you!
Going forward daily precious souls to win?
There's a place in the Army for you!

Are you daily proving that His power is strong?
There's a place in the Army for you!
Do you love to praise Him, is He e'er your song?
There's a place in the Army for you!

Sinner, come to Jesus, get your robes made
white,
There's a place in the Army for you!
He will daily help you, give you power to fight,
There's a place in the Army for you!

Rejoice.

BY ENSIGN LILLY RICHARDS, NEWCASTLE, N.B.

Tune.—*Oh, the peace the Saviour gives* (N.B.B. 150).

4 Oh, what joy I have in serving
Jesus, my Redeemer, Friend;
Oh, what rest and peace abiding,
Constant pleasure without end.

Old Chorus.

Oh, the peace the Saviour gives.

Listening only to my Saviour,
Learning of Him every day,
Seeking only Jesus' favor,
Walking in the good old way.

Sinner, Jesus now is calling,
Calling you to give up sin,
Many years with you been pleading,
Ope your heart's door, let Him in.

Listening to the Saviour.

BY F. ASHTON, PETERBORO, ONT.

Tune.—*It was on the cross* (B.J. 17).
5 Come, children of the Lord, rejoice,
Praise Him with music and with voice,
Let every heart to God draw nigh,
Seek Him who lives and reigns on high.

Chorus.

It was on the cross.

Give thanks to God in heart and song,
For Him who left the heavenly throng;
Jesus, the Christ who lived and died,
To save the world was crucified.

We give Thee thanks, our gracious Lord,
For all the comforts of Thy word,
May peace and joy our portion be,
Our lives be hid with Christ in Thee.

Come, Saviour, tune our hearts to Thee,
Thou blessed Lamb of Calvary,
Until we reach the heavenly throng,
And sing above the glad new song.

Think of How Jesus Loved You.

BY LIEUT. EDITH THORNTON.

Tune.—*The widow's plea*.

Lone wanderer from Jesus,
He's calling you to-day;
Then won't you seek His favor,
And from sin turn away?
Your life can be made happy,
Where now is dark despair.
If you'll plunge into the fountain,
And seek for cleansing there.

Chorus.

Then think how Jesus loved you.
The sacrifice He made;
He left His home in heaven,
Your sins on Him were laid.
Think of the lonely garden,
The sweat, the grief, the shame,
He bore this all for you, friend,
That with Him might reign.

Once you said you'd serve Him,
And that you would prove true;
Once you took your stand for God
'Neath Yellow, Red, and Blue.
But when the devil tempted,
Unfaithful you were found;
You left the Lord you loved so dear,
And now for hell you're bound.

Still mercy's door is open,
Christ's arms are outstretched wide,
He says, "To those who come to Me
Not one will be denied."
Oh, haste, your day is passing,
And night is coming on;
Oh, give yourself to Jesus,
Ere hope of mercy's gone.

Room for Jesus.

Tune.—*Have you any room?* (N.B.B. 153).

7 Have you any room for Jesus—
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Chorus.

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, His word obey!
Swing your heart's door wide open!
Bid Him enter while you may.

Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ, the Crucified—
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died!

Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "to-day" is "time accepted."
To-morrow you may call in vain.

Room and time now give to Jesus:
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon your heart be cold and silent,
And your Saviour's pleading cease.

Who'll Be the Next?

Tune.—*Who'll be the next?* (N.B.B. 203).

8 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Someone is ready, someone is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Chorus.

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Come and bow at His precious feet,
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?
Sing, Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb!

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed
Singing on the other side.